Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at
http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/3375095.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Fire Emblem: Kakusei | Fire Emblem: Awakening
Relationship:	Chrom & My Unit | Avatar & Chrom
Character:	Chrom, Male My Unit | Avatar
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Modern Setting
Stats:	Published: 2015-02-17 Words: 1426

Pretending

by FELover

Summary

Somewhere not quite where he'd expect, Chrom found his other half. Too bad he was not what Chrom had wanted.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

He remembers being hesitant at first. It was getting late, it was getting colder, and it seemed like it was going to rain. Even as he walked the winding, gray slate path to that bench, pretending to adjust his scarf, Chrom was still considering just spinning on his heels and going back the exact same way he came and forget there ever was a man named Robin who made his heart quicken with the barest of razor smiles.

But he didn't. He just kept on walking, taking in the chill to push all other suspicion aside, still pretending everything would be alright. He was so nervous, and his fingers were so numb, he must have looked like a fumbling buffoon, like an overly skittish teen on his first day at high school, or like some beady-eyed animal spooked by headlights in the middle of a road. He trembled too, frozen to the bone, or perhaps just a little exited. But he didn't want to admit to that last thing.

This was not the kind of thing that should get him exited. *This* was just not the kind of thing Chrom did for fun. And if it wasn't for fun... he didn't like contemplating the reasons.

When he got to the spot, and Robin smiled through a puff of smoke, Chrom thought he heard himself gulp. Robin was the same as he always was, all bastard-faced and ambiguous eyes so dark that a corpse could never compete with that kind of dead-ness.

"Knew you'd come," Robin drawled after taking the cigarette from his mouth between two fingers, relaxed like a king on his throne, utterly at ease and sure of himself.

Chrom looked down at the empty space on the bench with chipping paint, waiting for an invitation or some sort of signal to move along to somewhere else, because he didn't know how to continue or how *this* was supposed to be played out. He smiled awkwardly instead, taking off his gloves for some reason and rubbing his palms together, hoping Robin would catch his meaning.

"What? Not even gonna say hello? How've you been?"

Dumbly, automatically, Chrom smiled a bit more sincerely to the amused arched brow.

"How've you been?"

Robin chuckled.

"Could be better. Could be worse."

"Yeah... I guess."

And then Chrom laughed a fake, choppy laugh, flicking his blue eyeballs all around the park, from tree to bush to squirrel to tree to garbage bin to hobo to gulls to the top of the brownish watchtower in the distance and back to Robin again.

"Is... aren't you cold? I think my toes already fell off."

"Really?" Robin shrugged, draping a slim arm over the top of the backrest and tapping the white filter to his bottom lip. "Doesn't really bother me."

"I guess I'm just not used to living so close to the beach... is it always this cold around December?"

"Nah," Robin puffs, mustering a *'You don't even know'* kind of grin. "It gets worse."

"Oh... So." Speak. Say something. *Articulate*. "You've been living here all your life?"

Robin's eyes darkened at the question. It was a very fast change, like someone flicking a switch, like a light bulb suddenly exploded and now there were hot shards everywhere and the alarms were going off inside Chrom's head because he new the '*Th'fuck did I say about personal questions?'* way in which Robin's nose scrunched.

"The hell do you mean?"

"Just... that you seem pretty accustomed to the weather. You must have gotten used to the cold... through the years?"

Puckering his dry lips for another intake of his cancer stick, but still looking away, aloof and seemingly disinterested, Robin let his voice slide out sluggishly.

"Yeah... More or less... Never knew anywhere else."

Chrom is so grateful when Robin looks at him again, but this time softer, and the shards are gone, and he's not afraid to get his feet cut and bloody if he steps any closer.

"This must be a summer breeze for you." Chrom smiles.

"I'm not saying I don't hate it. Pipes get frozen *every* fucking year 'cause the landlord's a pile of

petty lard with shifty eyes. You know how it is."

No. Chrom *didn't* know. He just stood there, shuffling and unable to relate.

"No, wait. You're like, rich, aren't you?"

"I don't think *rich*..."

"Don't be modest. Devil knows I'd be bragging if I were you. But I'm not you."

After a snort, Chrom responded mindlessly, "So instead you complain?"

And there it was again, the '*You're just asking for it*' glare, except, as soon as Chrom started stuttering as if this was some sort of oral exam, Robin burst into hysterical giggles. Suddenly Chrom suspected his friend(acquaintance/buddy/fellow?) had been enjoying something more than just the cigarette.

"Good one man!"

"Rob-"

"You should do stand ups or some shit!"

"Are you alright?"

"Yeh man." Robin wheezed, coughed, and rasped. "Why're you still standing up anyways? Get your ass over here."

Slowly inching to the space offered, Chrom stood indecisively, eyeing the arm still casually laying across the length of the backrest, and ultimately decided he didn't want any more curious stares. He sat, mindful of the arm, on the edge. His hands rested on his lap.

"Your back's straight as a rod. Are you really so cold?"

"...It's not so bad, actually. I'm just exaggerating."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah..."

Chrom did some sort of *noise* when the arm landed on his left shoulder, and crept along his back until it reached the right one, pulling him closer. He was mortified at his own guttural sounds, and growing even more anxious at feeling the frosty fingertips ghosting over his neck, slightly squirming under his scarf to feel the skin.

"Better?"

"..."

He wouldn't dare face the lips at his ear.

"I want you to be comfortable"

Now that was just a blatant, ugly lie. Robin liked it when Chrom squiggled with charred nerves and overloaded senses. He liked being what he was because it got to Chrom, and the more he got him out of his comfort zone the better chances he had at getting his way. Robin had been working on this for a long while, ever since he spotted pristine hair and porcelain skin wandering a dingy

part of the city where, normally, you couldn't see anything so fucking *precious*.

Chrom just... *inspired* something awful out of him.

"You came all the way down here. I want you to know I appreciate that."

The wrinkle at the corner of Chrom's mouth deepened with Robin's smell, just a breath away.

"You're stoned."

A smothered cackle.

"Is that an impediment?"

"I'm not sure you know what you're doing."

"Wanna find out?"

Squirming(Robin was enjoying the feel under his arm), Chrom reached into his jean's left pocket, cheeks reddening when he brushed Robin's thigh, and pulled out chew gum.

"You want some?"

Amused, Robin took the gum. "Sheesh Chrom, coulda been more subtle about it. Say, *'I'm bored, let's brush our teeth'* for example?"

"It's not-" flustered, Chrom looked away. "Just-If we're going back to my place... there's a doorman. He's really chatty with everyone, so, just in case..."

"Right. Wouldn't want Mr. 'Can I Take Your Coat' getting too concerned with your *special buddy's* smoking habits."

Chrom sighed. A flock of gulls flew over their heads, accompanied by the winter gust coming from the beach some couple of miles straight west past the thicket that surrounded Long Trail Park. If he squinted, he could make out the almost-hidden spot where the brambles seemed to lean away from the dirt road that would take him seaward. He would have liked to take a walk and get Robin off his back, just get up, take a step and the another, maybe even invite him if he promised to keep his hands to himself.

"Nice day." Chrom murmured.

"Huh?"

"I think it's a nice day. I like being out here."

"Whatever you say man."

The breath was still a bit unpleasant, but the warmth emanating from Robin was all Chrom needed at the moment. There was nothing that could ruin his tiny moment of self-centered joy, except maybe Robin's voice... One more lewd move on his part and he would be squirming due to painful awkwardness.

"I'm fucking horny as hell, you know?"

Rubbing his temples, Chrom sank in on himself.

"You never learned the word subtlety, did you?"

"What are you? A Victorian lady? Get in my car so I can fuck your brains out."

End Notes

What a joy! Another brainchild born from boredom at class! I dunno. I like these two together. Makes me feel things get more angsty and serious, and I like angsty and serious. Not too serious though. Anyway, this might get a bit heavy in the future. Because I like making the character suffer.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!